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Book

T H E
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
O F
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

Printed Complete from the best Editions of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Eighth.

CONTAINING

MACBETH.

OTHELLO.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

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M D C C L X X X V I .





Act 5.

MACBETH.

Line 33.



J. Rhamberg del.

Dalatre sc.

M^{rs} SIDDONS in LADY MACBETH.

"Yet here's a Spot."

Printed for, John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, June 7. 1806.

T. H. & H. P. R. C.



MACBETH.

*I'll go no more ———
Look ont again I dare not.*

Act I.

Scene 1.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, June 7. 1806.

J. Worslees' sculp.



Bell's Edition.

MACBETH,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES:

M DCC LXXXVIII.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF
MACBETH.

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from
their

their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness : this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χωρίς ὀπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν*, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age : he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγανείας, καὶ ὀπλίτας δὲ ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃν λοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν.* *Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age ; the wars with the Saracens, however, gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins

of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body;

6. That

6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and Sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation, Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramattick subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James,

1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex. Platonicus*: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regiâ prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho et Ban-choni, et illum predixisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum; hunc Regem non futurum, sed Reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Ban-chonis enim è stirpe Potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* made Shakspeare learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latine to the kinge, then in English to the queene and young prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof, the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion. FARMER.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } *Sons to the King.*

DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's army.*

BANQUO, }

LENOX, }

MACDUFF, }

ROSSE, }

MENTETH, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff. An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

WOMEN.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.*





MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

10

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

B

SCENE

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

Capt. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

'Till



'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

LM,
g a

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break; 40
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes;

50

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As canons overcharg'd with double cracks;

So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell;

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

59

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

B ij

Len.

Till

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

70

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;——

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

80

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

Al.
So

Al.

MACBETH.

13

SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister? 90

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

70 1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give*
me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind. 100

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very points they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid: 110

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

B ij

Yet

NE

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 Witch. A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

120

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine ;
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, 130
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ;—what are you ?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis?

2 Witch.

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter. 140

in.

20

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, 150 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

se,

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

30

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

ne,

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail! 159

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,

e of

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

ch.

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge
 you. *[Witches vanish.]*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, 169
 And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal,
 melted

As breath into the wind.——'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
 here ?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, 180
 The news of thy success : and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post ; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, 190
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ? 200

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you
dress me

In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;

But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway ; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him. 210

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ; 220

Win

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray
you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion 230
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me, 240
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac.

pray

1.—

:

239

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn 250

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

ance

240

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke 260

With one that saw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;

ould,

Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth

A deep repentance: nothing in his life

Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd

y.

ure.

As one that had been studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a careless trifle.

Mac.

King.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children, and servants
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor! 309

Macb. The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Excunt.* 320

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH's wife alone, with a letter.

Lady.—*They met me in the day of success; and have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, in which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these witch-sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illnes should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
 And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,

Thas

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The king comes here to-night. 350

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[Exit Mes.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 360

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances 370

C ij

You

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night;
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold! hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself 400
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!— 410
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

420

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
Wecours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, 430
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

Might

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 440
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only 461
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why have you left
 the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady.

Lady. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i'the adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, 49
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :

I would

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out,—had I but so sworn
As you have done, to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

471 *Lady.* We fail!

500

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
48: Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

510

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

49: *Lady.* Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

520

50: *Macb.* I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away,

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him.

Banquo.

How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword :—There's husbandry in
heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? the king's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers :
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Mac.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

20

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

31

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Ser.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As

As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A Bell rings*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit*]

SCEN

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho! 8.

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry,
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cry'd, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, *amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more*.
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house.

Glamis

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!* 120

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; 130
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking!

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 141
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*]

D ij

At

At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber:
 A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it then ? Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended.—Hark ! more knocking:

[Knock]

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be watchers :—Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed——'twere best not know
 myself.

[Knock]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would, thou
 could'st !

[Exit]

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking indeed !
 If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
 turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock !
 Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub ? Here's a far-
 mer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty,
 come in time ; have napkins enough about you ; here
 you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Who's
 there, i' the other devil's name ? 'Faith, here's an
 equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against
 either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's
 sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : oh, come
 in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock !
 Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come
 hither,

hither, for stealing out of a French hose : come in, taylor ; hear you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are you ? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter.

176

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to-bed, That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock : and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off : it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie ; and I thing, being too

D iij

strong

strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,
yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?——

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes. 200

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain. 210
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, 220
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope 231
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake! 240

[*Exeunt MACBETH, and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 240
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
 The repetition in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pray thee, contradict thyself,
 And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality: 261
 All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead:
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom? 270

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
 So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Upon

Upon their pillows ; they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment ? No man : 280

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver-skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance ; there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make his love known ?

Lady. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,

Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,

May rush, and seize us ? Let's away, our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

300

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Mac. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

Enter ROSSE, with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen

Hours

Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father, 330

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd. 340

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange,
and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to the amazement of mine
eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff ;

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not? 350

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme's-kill;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:

——adieu!——

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou playd'st most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings : if there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? but, hush ; no more. 10

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King ; Lady MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, and attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a sole mn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit. 20

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
E (Which

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper ; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.——

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, and Lords.*]

Sirrah a word with you : attend those men our pleasure ?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.——To be thus is no-
thing ;

[*Exit Servant.*]

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none, but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me, 60
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel 70
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

E ij

Macb.

Macb. Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, past in probation with you;
 How you were borne in hand; how crost; the instr
 ments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, the
 might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, cur
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 All by the name of dogs; the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike : and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off ;

110

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance,

120

To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life : and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,

And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,

For certain friends that are both his and mine,

130

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,

Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love ;

Masking the business from the common eye,

For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour : resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord,

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.

It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*
Lady.]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

160

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 171
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further !

Lady. Come on ; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ;

And

And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo ; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue : unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts, 19
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums, 20
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood : 21
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze ;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just. 220

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court. 23

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault BANQUO.*

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.——Oh slave!

[*Dics.* FLEANCE escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady, ROSSE,
LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at
first,

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society, 250
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:——

Both

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst;
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then. 260

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him:

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock; 270

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer. 281

Lady. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,

'Tis

'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home:
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH'S Place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present?
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat
The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,¹

Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,

(Impostors to true fear) would well become 320

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how
say you ? —

Why, what care I ? If thou can'st nod, speak to. —

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back ; our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ? 330

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;

and since too, murders have been perform'd

so terrible for the ear : the times have been,

that, when the brains were out, the man would die,

and there an end : but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all
Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst, 33
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Macb. Avant ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble, or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still. 370

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord? 380

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good-night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady. A kind good-night to all! [*Excunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have 390
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: my strange and self
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:——
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat? you look angerly

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

420

But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

430

Great business must be wrought ere noon :
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :

And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :

440

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Musick and a Song.

F iij

Hark,

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : the gracious
Duncan 458
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? ay, and wisely too ; 461
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key

(As,

(As, an't please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.

But, peace!——for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell 470
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid,
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
That, by the help of these (with Him above 480
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back, 490
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.* 499]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.*

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'n entrails throw.——

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one,

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

20

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witches' mummy : maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew :
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

30

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done ! I commend your pains :
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

40

MUSICK and a SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags ?

What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warder's heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten

From

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

[Thunder.

1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r,——

1Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 80

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff !

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

[Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :——But one word
more——

1Witch. He will not be commanded : here's ano-
ther,

More potent than the first. [Thunder.

2d Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !——

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born 90
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff, what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

And

And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

[Thunder.

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

100

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[Descend.

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth 113
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing ; tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! let me know :—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[Hautboys.

1 Witch.

1 Witch. Shew !

120

2 Witch. Shew !

3 Witch. Shew !

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*[A shew of eight Kings, and BANQUO ; the last
with a glass in his hand.]*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eye balls :—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags :
Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?—

130

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more : and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry ;
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ? is this so ?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,

140

And shew the best of our delights ;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round :

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Musick.]

[The Witches dance and vanish.]

G

Macb.

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;

Thi

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool : 171

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter MACDUFF's Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. 180

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
Soruns against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz', 190

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor
 lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
 not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
 father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
 market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
i'faith,

220

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and
must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and
lie?

230

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why the honest men?

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! but
how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quick!
have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

G iij

Be

Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
 To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
 you !

I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world : where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,
 Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say, I have done no harm ?—What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, 260
 Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg ?
 Young fry of treachery ?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :
 Run away, I pray you.

[Exit *L. MACDUFF*, crying murder.

SCENE

SCENE III.

England. Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

270

Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-faln birthdom : Each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but
something

283

You may deserve of him through me : and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,

In

In an imperial charge, but I shall crave your
pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy
wrongs,

His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ; 320
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 330
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear, 340
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been

The

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours : you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper : grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings ; yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own ; all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : The king-becoming
 graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,

Devotion,

Act IV
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Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet, 391
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well !
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me 400
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : but God above

Deal

Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I
 pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit
Macd.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

430

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

441

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: good God, beumes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

450

Rosse. Alas, poor country;

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
air,

H

Are

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave
 them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
 Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
 We are coming thither: gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
 An older, and a better soldier, none
 That Christendom gives out.

Rosse.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they? 490
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard. 500

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! ———
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too? 510

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted !

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?——Oh, hell-kite !——All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue !——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;

The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

9

Doct. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech.

19

H iij

Enter

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accusom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that my lord, no more o' that: you mark all this with starting.

Doct.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she hath known. 51

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir. 60

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed? 72

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God,

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
 Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
 And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night: 80
 My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
 I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTETH, CATHNESS,
 ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
 His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
 Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
 Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
 Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
 91

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths, that even now
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

100

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

110

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

120

[*Excunt marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?

Was

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear. 139

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
 Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain!

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you. 140

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick
 at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!——

151

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.——

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round:

Hang those that talk of fear.——Give me mine ar-
mour.——

160

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macb. 'Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff, 170

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:——

Seyton,

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

200

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

210

Siw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drums
and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie, 220
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

I

Were

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sec. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sec. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which, I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

250

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth, 260
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.—

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane!—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I gin to be a-weary of the sun, 269
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw
down,

And shew like those you are: You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's here
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thoul't be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name 290

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight; and young SIWARD is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, 299

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy
face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,

I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

I iij

Seems

Seems bruited : Let me find him, fortune ! and
More I beg not.

[Exit. Alarum.

310

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :

330

Let

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man ! 34^o
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; and under writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield, 35^o
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last : Before my body
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff:
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[Excunt fighting. Alarums.]

Re-enter

Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, *Thanes, and*
Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought. 360

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end. 370

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;

They say, he parted well, and paid his score: 380

And

And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, 390
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else 400
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

THE END.

The

The following Scenes are not in the original Copies, but have been introduced in Representation, and set to Music by Mr. LOCKE, with Alterations by Dr. ARNE.

[AT THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.]

The SCENE changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning. Enter several Witches and sing.

I WITCH.

SPEAK, sister,---is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago;

Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,

Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 Witch. The worst of creatures safest propagate.

Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,

And ev'ry place surround,

As if in death were found

Propagation too.

2 Witch. He must!

3 Witch. He shall!

4 Witch. He will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

4 Witch. Agreed.

All. Agreed

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

When cattle die, about, about we go;

When lightning and dread thunder

Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,

What should we do?

Chor.

Chor. Rejoice---we should rejoice.
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice---we should rejoice.

I.

1 Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2 Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er fernes or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or, if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[END OF THE FIFTH SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT.]

Witches within.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate,---come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd,
My little merry airy spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate.

[Within.]

Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleasing to my ear.
At which I post away,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Puckle?

Enter

Enter Witchee.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where Stradling?

Witch. Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 Witch. Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,

I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the Machine.

Now I go, and now I fly,

Makin my sweet spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss,

Over woods, high rocks and mountains;

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.





Act III.

OTHELLO.

Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Stephen engr.

M^r. HENDERSON in LAGO,

*Iago ——— but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your Wife's) did I to day
see Cassio wipe his beard, with?*

Printed for John Cawthorne, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Apr. 19. 1806.



OTHELLO.

*Yet I'll not shed her blood;
nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow.*

Act V.

Scene 1.

See on page.



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BOOK

OTHELLO.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS,

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1819.



Duke of
Brabant
Two of
Gratia
Lodovico
Othello
Cassio
Iago,
Roderigo
Montano
Clown
Herald

Desdemona
Emilia
Bianca

Officer

Scene

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of Venice.

Brabantio, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.

Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantia and Gratiano.

Othello, the Moor.

Cassio, his Lieutenant.

Iago, his Ancient.

Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman.

Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

WOMEN.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

Emilia, Wife to Iago.

Bianca, Mistress to Cassio.

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and
Attendants.*

*Scene, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play,
in Cyprus.*



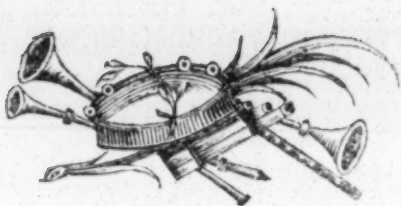
Venice

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That
As if

Iago
If ever
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OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A street. Enter RODERIGO, and IAGO.

Roderigo.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine—shouldst know of
this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me :
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in
thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, 11
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,

Horribly

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
 And, in conclusion,
 Non-suits my mediators ; *for, certes*, says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
 And what was he ?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster, unless the bookish theorie,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice.
 In all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-
 tion ;

And I——of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
 Christian and Heathen—must be be-lee'd and
 calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, sir, (bless the mark !) his Moorship's an-
 cient.

Rod. By heaven ! I rather would have been his
 hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
 service ;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
 self,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor ?



Rod.

Iago.

I follow

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If he

Iag

Rod.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

40

Iago. O, sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and, when he's old,
cashier'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
soul :

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :

In following him, I follow but myself ;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, 60

But seeming so, for my peculiar end :

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse

Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets : incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 72
 Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire
 yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio,
 ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !
 thieves ! 81

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
 Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?

What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd ; for shame, put on
 your gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;

Even now, very now, an old black ram

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise !

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 92

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :

Arise, I say.

Bra.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is——Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome: 100

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee. 110

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come
to do you service, you think we are ruffians:
You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary
horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you:
you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for
germans. 121

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making the
beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are——a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent 130
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:——
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs:
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, 140
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter—if you have not given her leave—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy your-
self:]

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :——
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already :——
Light ! I say, light !

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state——
However this may gall him with some check——
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus war 161
(Which even now stands in act), that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business ; in which regard
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ; 171
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !——
With the Moor, say'st thou ?——Who would be a
father ?——

How did'st thou know 'twas she ?—O, thou de-
ceiv'st me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?——Get
more tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think
you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

B_{ra.}

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me. 191

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another street. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To

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ad

se

11

8

Enter CASSIO, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends :

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul, 230
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !

What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat : the gallies 240
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate have sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

[*Exit.*

251

Iago.

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack ;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

261

Oth. Hola ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief !

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief ! where hast thou stow'd
my daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

271

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd

The

'The wealthy curled darlings of our nation
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to delight.
 [Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense, 279
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms ;
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
 That weaken motion : — I'll have it disputed on ;
 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant : —
 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest : 290
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison ; 'till fit time
 Of law, and course of direct session,
 Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state, 300
 To bring me to him ?

Offi. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
 The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
 In this time of the night ! — Bring him away :
 Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,

Act I.

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Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free, 310
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A council-chamber, Duke, and Senators, sitting.

Duke There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred :
But they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 321

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now, the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;

So

So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in ;—if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes
Have there injointed them with an after fleet. 33

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought :—How many, as you
guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.——

Marcus Lucchesé, is not he in town? 360

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-
haste: dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
ploy you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.——

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRAB.*

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care 370

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
 For nature so preposterously to err, 381
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
 Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul pro-
 ceeding,

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 390

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
 Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
 this? [To OTHELLO.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters——
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her; 400
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
 us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,

More

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious pa-
tience, 391

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself ; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing——
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on ?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, 401
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof ;
Without more certain and more overt test, 430
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak ;——
Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,

c

Send

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father : 410
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know
 the place : — [Exit IAGO.]

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justify to your grave ears I'll present
 How did I thrive in this fair lady's love, 450
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd :
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field ; 460
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
 breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads
 touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 And

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ; 480

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,——In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas pass-
ing strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she
thank'd me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story, 490
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
too——

Good Brabantio.

Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life, and education ;
My life and education, both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done :——
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;

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For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a
sentence,

Which, as a grize, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended, 530
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended,

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turks of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile. 539

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words: I never yet did hear, 546

That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude
of the place is best known to you: And though
we have there a substitute of most allow'd suf-
ficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,
c 3 throws

throws a more safe voice on you : you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity, 560
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
'This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place and exhibition ;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so. 570

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear :
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord : 580
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him. 590

Oth. Your voices, lords ;—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat (the young effects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant, 599
For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—
haste !

And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-
night.

Des. To-night, my lord! 610

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ; .

And

And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife, 620
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.——
Good night to every one.——And, noble signior,
[*To BRAB.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see ;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago, 630
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.——
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago——

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep. 640

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a
torment ;

torment : and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician. 646

Iago. O villanous ! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years : and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hysop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions : But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lust ; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

670

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : Drown thyself ! drown cats, and blind puppies ! I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy

thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,——put money in thy purse;——nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her; and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse.——These Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.——She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.——If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtile Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive

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conjunctive in our revenge against him : If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse ; go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 710

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell : Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear !

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell : put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I should time expend with such a snipe, 721

But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor ;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office : I know not, if't be true ;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now :

To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A double knavery. How ? how !—Let me see :—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear, 731

That he is too familiar with his wife :—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I hav't;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
 light. [Exit]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The capital of Cyprus. A platform. Enter Mox.
 TANO, and two Gentlemen.*

Montano.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought
 flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at
 land ;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of
 this ?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet : 10
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
 main,

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Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible they bear it out. 20

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords ! our wars are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How ! is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese ; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea, 30
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio——though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss——yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be !

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in, 40
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;

9 D Even

Even 'till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea! 50

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail! 59

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends at least. [Guns heard.]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth.
And give of truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation, 70
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has
put in?

Re-enter

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands——

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel——

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

80

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,

And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O! behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
ÆMILIA.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—— 90

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:——

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught.
But that he's well, and will be shortly here,

Des. O, but I fear!—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail. 101

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*]

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This, likewise, is a friend.

Cas. See for the news— [*An Attendant goes out.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mis-
tress. [*To ÆMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

Kisses her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, 111
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue, a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors, 120

Belles in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ; 130
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to
the harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd : 140

If she be fair and wise—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and
witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her black-
ness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 158

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there
unto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise
ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed; one that, in the au-
thority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself? 159

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never
loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never
gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I
may!*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure
fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's
tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose
her mind,

See

See suitors following, and not look behind:

She was a wight—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what?

171

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profound and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir, in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!——

[*Trumpet.*]

The Moor—I know his trumpet.

190

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior!

Des.

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death,
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas 200
Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
'That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !—— 210
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now !
But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.——
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?—— 220
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts,——I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go

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[*Excun*

Iago

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Rod

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Now

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.— Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus! 229

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 'tis not possible. 237

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies : And will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour ; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in : now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and

and unforc'd position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtile knave: a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 274

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you. Do you

you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

290

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

300

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor——howbeit that I endure him not—— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona 310 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin), But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof

Doth

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 'Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor 320
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to
 do——

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb——
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too:
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward 330
 me,

For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet, 330
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A street. Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and
 valiant general, that upon certain tidings now ar-
 riv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish
 fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some
 to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to
 what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for,
 besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration
 of his nuptials: so much was his pleasure should
 be

be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello !
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't. 350

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love :

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
[To DES.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [Exeunt OTHEL. and DESDEM.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet
E ten

ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, in the love of his Desdemona: whom let us therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove. 362

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love? 371

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. 380

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they? 389

Iago.

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd

Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance, 400

The very elements of this warlike isle—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle—but here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, but with wind and stream.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, As I am a soldier. 411

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[IAGO sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

*A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song. 419

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, (indeed) they are most potent in potting ; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general. 430

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor-lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down, 440
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things——Well——Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant. 450

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality——I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.——Forgive us our sins !——Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;——this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :——I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mont. To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before ;—He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him. 470
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it,
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature 480
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Ron.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island: 490
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what
noise?

[*Cry within*——Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!——teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; 500
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Mont.

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

[*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mu-
tiny.

[*Aside to RODERIGO.*

[*Exit RODERIGO.*

Nay, good lieutenant——alas, gentlemen——

Help, ho!——Lieutenant——sir——Montano——
sir;——

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who's that that rings the bell?——Diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

511

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—
he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant——sir——Montano
——gentlemen——

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 520

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.——

Silence

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, mat-
ters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now 530
(As if some planet had unwitting men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus for-
got?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth 540
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it?

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends
me—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night; 550
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;

And

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on? 560

And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel, 570
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth.
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause; 580
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, 'till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : when I came back
 (For this was brief), I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them. 590

More of this matter can I not report : —

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him —
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best —
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio : — Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine. — 601

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ; —
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well, now, sweeting : Come away to
 bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon : —
 Lead him off. — [*To MONTANO, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town ;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life, 610
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exit. &c. Manent IAGO, and CASSIO.*
Iago.

Iago. What are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation! 618

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours. 629

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible? 640

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly

distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—
O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
to steal away their brains ! that we should, with
joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform our-
selves into beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough :
how came you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to
give place to the devil, wrath : one unperfectness
shews me another, to make me frankly despise
myself. 651

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler : as
the time, the place, and the condition of this coun-
try stands, I could heartily wish this had not
befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your
own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ; he
shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop
them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by
a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange !—
Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingre-
dient is a devil. 661

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more
against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you
think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at
some time, man. I tell you what you shall do.
Our general's wife is now the general ;—I may
say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted
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and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested : This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter : and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

680

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

689

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit. Cassio.*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain ?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful

As the free elements : and then for her

To win the Moor—were't to renounce his bap-

tism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,

700

9

F

That

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a vil-
 lain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 710
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear——
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rode-
 rigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.
 My money is almost spent; I have been to-night
 exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue
 will be—I shall have so much experience for my
 pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little
 more wit, return to Venice. 724

Iago. How poor are they, that have not pa-
 tience!

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-
 craft;

And

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd

Cassio :

730

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe :

Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morn-
ing ;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :

Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :—

Nay, get thee gone.

[Exit RODERIGO.

Two things are to be done——

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;

I'll set her on ;

749

Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way :

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the castle. Enter CASSIO, with Musicians.

Cassio.

Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief ; and bid——good morrow,
general [Music plays ; and enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments
been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus.

Mus. How, sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go, vanish into air; away. 20

[*Excunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, *Iago*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then? 32

Cas.

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife : My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently :
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor 39
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant : I am
sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wis-
dom,
He might not but refuse you ; but, he protests,
he loves you : 50

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you——
If you think fit, or that it may be done ——
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

A room in the castle. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

Another room in the castle. Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and ÆMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my
husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,

[*Exit*]

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you ; you do love my lord ;
You have known him long : and be you well as-
sured,

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off 81
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That I, being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee, 90
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : therefore, be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave. 100

Des. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like, 100
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord,

If I have any grace or power, to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you, 120
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet for you, 130

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth.

Oth. I shall not dine at home :
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn :
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason 140
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best), is not almost a fault
To incur a private check : When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder, in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ; 151

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted. 160

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this——
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des.

Des. Shall I deny you? no : Farewell, my lord,

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to thee straight.

Des. Æmilia, come :—be it as your fancies teach you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit. with ÆMIL.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. 170

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last : Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft. 180

Iago. Indeed !

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed !—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest !

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Oth. Think, my lord !—By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought, 190
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean
something:

I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'dst not
that,

When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *In-*
deed!

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you. 200

Oth. I think thou dost;

And—for I know thou art full of love and ho-
nesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest. 210

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why say, they are vile and
false——

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*.
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I——perchance, am vicious in my guess
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not), that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance;——
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear
my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;

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Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands ;

But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

250

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand,

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;

It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly
loves !

Oth. O misery !

261

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough ;

But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,

To follow still the changes of the moon

262

With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul

9

G

To

To such exsufflate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ; 230
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife : observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't :
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best
conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

300

She

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft;——But I am much
to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dashed your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has. 310

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are
mov'd;—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my wor-
thy friend:——

My lord, I see you are mov'd. 320

Oth. No, not much mov'd:——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As——to be bold
with you——

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:

Foh!

Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. 330
 But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
 Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
 Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest crea-
 ture, doubtless, 340

Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
 honour,

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time ;
 And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
 (For sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
 Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means ;
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity ; 349
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears
 (As worthy cause I have to fear—I am),
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, 360
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black ;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
She's gone : I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love, 370
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great
ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base :
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death ;
Even when this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes :

Enter DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence. 380

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not
well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching ; 'twill away
again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt DESD. and OTH.*]

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin ; 390
This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago :
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. Ho now ! what do you here alone ? 400

Æmil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?——it is a
common thing.

Æmil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all ? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Æmil. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal. 410

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Æmil.

Æmil. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you
have been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what is that to you ? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad 420
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't ; I have use for it.
Go, leave me [*Exit ÆMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :——
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood, 431
Burn like the mines of sulphur.——I did say so :

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ? to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack :——

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd, 440
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, 451
So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind? farewell, content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! 462

Iago. Is it possible?——My lord?——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof;

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this! 469

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me! 480

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?——
God be wi'you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!——
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world!

To be direct and honest, is not safe.——

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:——Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for. 490

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.——If there be cords or knives,
Poison

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you. 500

You would be satisfied——

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes doth see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances——
Which lead directly to the door of truth——
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office : 520

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far——
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love——
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep,
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say——*Sweet Desdemona!*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves! 530

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand:
Cry——*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips: then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss; and then
Cry——*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly. 542

Oth. I'll tear her to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this——
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handker-
chief

(I am sure, it was your wife's), did I to-day 550
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.——Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.——

Arise

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! 590
Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago: [Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont; 570
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now by yon marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [he kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet—— [IAGO kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up 580
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:

But let her live. 591

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another apartment in the castle. Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man? 599

Clown. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out? and be edify'd by report? 610

Clown. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him,

I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Æmil. I know not, madam.

620

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes: and, but my noble Moor, Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,

Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

629

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:—

Hot

Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ; 640
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : The hearts, of old, gave
hands ;

But our new heraldry is——hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ? 649

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with
you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief

Did an Ægyptian to my mother give :

She was a charmer, and could almost read 660

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;

And

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose't, or giv't away, were such perdition, 670
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's magic in the web of it :
A sybil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is it true ? 680

Oth. Most veritable : therefore look to it well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never
seen it !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is it lost ? is it gone ? speak ! is it out of
the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost. 690

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why so I can, sir, but I will not now :
This is a trick to put me from my suit——
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief ; my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

You'll

Act III.

OTHELLO.

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief—— 700

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;

Shar'd dangers with you——

Oth. The handkerchief——

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away ! [Exit OTHELLO.

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it. 710

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food :

They eat us hungrily, and, when they are full,

They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;

And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you, That, by your virtuous means, I may again Exist, and be a member of his love ; 720

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart, Entirely honour : I would not be delay'd :

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit ;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms.

730

Des. Alas ! thrice gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best ;
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech ! You must awhile be patient :
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you. 740

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
 And certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen, the can-
 non

When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—And can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him—
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Erit.*]

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
 state—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object.

'Tis

'Tis even so; for let our finger ache,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain. Nay, we must think
Men are not gods:
Nor of them look for such observancy 760
As fits the bridal.——Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray, heaven, it be state matters, as you
think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here
about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

780

Cas. What make you from home?

HOM

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca; 789
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd:

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause;
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, 799
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now,
That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my cham-
ber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

810

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An apartment in the castle. Enter OTHELLO and

IAGO.

Iago.

Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
Is it hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, 10
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis her's, my lord: and, being
her's,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too,
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not: 20
But, for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
got it:——

'Thou saidst——O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all——he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do
you wrong?

Or heard him say——As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit, 30
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assur'd
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he
did.

Oth. What? what? 40

Iago. Lie——

Oth.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.—First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess:—I tremble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief!—O devil—

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday. 60

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you—

[Exit CASSIO.

How

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven!

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you; there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds, 80
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall
be.

Oth. O, thou art wise! 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your
grief

(A passion most unsuited such a man) 90
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
To which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew——

Where

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; 100
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience:
 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss——

But yet keep time with all. Will you withdraw?

[*OTHELLO withdraws.*]

Now well I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
 That dotes on Cassio——as 'tis the strumpet's
 plague

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me. 120

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already? [*Aside.*]

9 I Iago.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him 130

To tell it o'er; Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her! what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so! They laugh, that win.
[*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true. 141

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her; out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand she falls thus about my neck——
Oth.

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs and lolls, and weeps upon me: so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company. 160

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't. 173

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her. 180

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come: will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit *CASSIO*.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

190

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Your's, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing;—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 198

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—
So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : but yet the pity of it,
Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it
comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes : Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

220

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and
beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night,
Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good ! the justice of it pleases ; very
good.

Iago. And, for Cassio—let me be his underta-
ker :

You shall hear more by midnight.

230

[*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent, good,—What trumpet is that
same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodo-
vico,

Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with
him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

1 3

Lod.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord!

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

[Reads]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

[Striking her
D

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends——she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with women's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile;——
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:——

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress——

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
turn: 280

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say——obedient——
Very obedient:——Proceed you in your tears.——
Concerning this, sir——O well painted passion!——
I am commanded home;——Get you away:
I'll send for you anon.——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;——Hence, avaunt!——

[Exit DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And——sir, to-night,
I do intreat that we may sup together. 290

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.——Goats and
monkies! [Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate

Call

Call——all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be—if what he might, he is not—
I would to heaven, he were. 301

Lod. What, strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; Yet, 'would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas! alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him; 310

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

*Another apartment in the castle. Enter OTHELLO,
and ÆMILIA.*

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper? 320

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
Nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head, 330
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.—

[Exit ÆMIL.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile whore,

A

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her
do't.

Re-enter ÆMILIA, and DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To ÆMIL.*] Some of your function, mistress.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;

Cough, or cry——hem, if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;——nay, dispatch.

[*Exit ÆMIL.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
import ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ;
Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee ; therefore be double-
damn'd.

Swear——thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false
as hell.

Des.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How
am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you
weep?

34 *Am* I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

370

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: 380

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the sham-
bles

390

That

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee——'Would, thou
hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon! What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty, 399
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Impu-
dent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel from my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be——not to be a strumpet, I am none. 410

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress——

Enter ÆMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains; 420

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Æmil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Æmil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Æmilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none, 431
But what should go by water. Pry'thee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets—remember:—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter IAGO, with ÆMILIA.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,

440

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord has so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

450

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ? Alas, the day !

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches !
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

460

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impos-
sible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Æmil.

Æmil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw
his bones !

Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her
company ? 470

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likeli-
hood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O, heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold ;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him ! some such squire he
was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without, 480
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of hea-
ven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed ;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form : 490

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly.

Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore !

It

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;

The business of state does him offence, 501
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other——

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary? 510

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much! for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly. 520

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had

had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me —she hath received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man: nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well. 532

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing. 540

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception? but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd. 547

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever —I mean, purpose, courage, and valour—this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from
K 3 this

this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice. 561

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode he linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean——removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do? 569

Iago. Ay; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:——he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 581

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE III.

A room in the castle. Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—O, Desdemona !—

Des. My lord ! 589

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be return'd forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent : He hath commanded me to go to-bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Æmilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu : 600
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him !

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,

That

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns——

Pr'ythee, unpin me—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!——

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk. 610

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown? 620.

Des. No, unpin me here.——

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have
walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his
nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow!* [Singing,

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans;*

Sing willow, &c.

631

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, Willow, &c.

Prythee, hye thee; he'll come, anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve——

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It is the wind.

640

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said
he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men!——

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, *Æmilia*—
That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

650

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing : 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 660

Æmil. In troth I think I should ; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for all the whole world——Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world. 670

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage, as

Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,

If wives do fall : Say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps ; 680

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite ;

Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their

Their wives have sense like them ; they see and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?

I think, it is ; and doth affection breed it ? 690

I think it doth ; Is't frailty that thus errs ?

It is so too : And have not we affections ?

Desires for sport ? and frailty as men have ?

Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night : Heaven me such
usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend ! 697

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street. Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.

Iago.

Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he
come ;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;

Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :

It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take
thy sword,

Rod.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to
the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor 20
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much
peril.

No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he ;—Villain, thou
dy'st.

[*He runs at CASSIO, and wounds him.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight. CASSIO wounds RODERIGO : IAGO cuts
CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.*

Rod. O, I am slain !

Cas. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, ho ! mur-
der ! murder !

Enter

Enter OTHELLO, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am ! 30

Oth. Hark, 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'Tis he :—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace :—Strumpet, I come :
Forth of my heart those charms ; thine eyes, are
blotted ;

Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help ! 41

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans ;—it is a heavy night :
These may be counterfeits ? let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Whose there? whose noise is this, that
cries out murder? 50

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give we some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have
done this? 60

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! —

What are you there? come in, and give some
help. [To *Lod.* and *Gra.*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog! O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! — Where be these
bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town!... Ho! murder! murder,
What may you be? are you of good or evil? 71

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt by
villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago.

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; ... I'll bind it with my shirt. 80

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence! 90

Bian. Alas, he faints: ... O Cassio! Cassio!
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no: ... Yes sure; ... O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay. 100

Iago. Signior Gratiano, I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you

Gra.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

He, he, 'tis he!—O, that's well said;—
the chair:— [A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. For you mistress,

[To BIANCA.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio, 110

Was my dear friend: What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?...O,
bear him out o'the air.—

[CASSIO is borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. — Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the
matter, husband? 120

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.... Pr'ythee,
Æmilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :

What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! 130

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd :—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale. ...

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

Will you go on, I pray? This is the night, [*Aside.*

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber : DESDEMONA *in bed, asleep.* *A*
light burning. *Enter* OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul —

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—141

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow.

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*

Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum! 180

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why, I should fear, I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for lov-
ing.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents: but yet, I hope, I hope, 190

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die. 200

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy, too !——I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven 210
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do——
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd. 220

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath——us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then—What, is he
dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
venge
Had stomach for them all. 230

Des. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer. 240

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

ÆMILIA within.

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.——

So, so.

Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you. 249

Oth. Yes;—'tis *Æmilia*:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;

The noise was high.——Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:——No.——What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:——

My wife! my wife! what wife! I have no wife!

O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should

Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you
O, good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee; O, come in, *Æmil*ia:
Soft—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee
now? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What? now.

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont
And makes men mad. 271

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd. 280

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's
voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona; O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil.

Æmil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell!

[Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd? 290

Æmil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water. 300

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock? 309

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ?

I say, thy husband. 320

Æmil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks
with love !

My husband say, that she was false !

Oth. He, woman ;

I say, thy husband ; Do'st understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Æmil. Do thy worst ; 330

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed——

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives : Help, help, ho ! help !

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ; Murder !
murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mont. What is the matter ;——How now, general ?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done
well, 341

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false ;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought : and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

Iago. I did.

351

Æmil. You told a lie : an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie ;
She false with Cassio !——Did you say, with
Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress ; Go to, charm your
tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound
to speak ;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend !

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

361

Mont. O monstrous act !

Æmil. Villany, villany, villany !——

I think upon't—I think——I smell't ;——O vil-
lany !

I thought so then ;——I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get
you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak ;

9

M

'Tis

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home. 370

Oth. O ! O ! O ! [*OTHELLO looking on his wife.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul !— [*Rising.*

I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd :

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's
dead ; 379

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain ; did he live now,
'This sight would make him do a desperate turn ;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful : but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it ;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ; 390
It was an handkerchief—an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out :—I hold my
peace, sir ? no,

• No, I will speak as liberal as the north :
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie ! 401

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief,
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;

For often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emil. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it,
And I did give it my husband. 410

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven I do not ; I do not, gentlemen :

O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs his wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder ?——Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls ; sure, he has kill'd his
wife.

Emil. Ay, ay ; O, lay me by my mistress' side !

Gra. He's gone ; but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon, 420

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :

Come guard the door without ; let him not pass,

But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Excunt MON. and GRA.*]

Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady? 429
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. *Willow, willow, willow!*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true:
So speaking as I think, I die—I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou has no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. 441

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, 451
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man.

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires ;——Where should Othello go ?
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Even like thy chastity.—— 460

O cursed, cursed slave !——Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid-fire !——
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO brought in ; MONTANO,
with IAGO prisoner ; and Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man ?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ;——but
that's a fable: 470

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth.

Oth. Why, any thing ;
 An honourable murderer, if you will ; 480
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-
 lany :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know,
 you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word. 490

Lod. What ! not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
 fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
 And here, another : the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

500

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim
 Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff ! —

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That

That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber : 510

And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter——
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead——Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on. 520

Lod. You must forsake this room ; and go with
us ;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave——
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it ;

No more of that : . . . I pray you, in your letters, 531
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer

Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes

Albeit unused to the melting mood, 540

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their med'cinable gum : Set you down this ;

And say, besides—that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him——thus ! [Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd. 549

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;——No way

but this, [Falling upon DESDEM.

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon :

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ; [To IAGO.

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ; ——

Let it be hid.——Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ; 561

The time, the place, the torture. O enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.



THE END.

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

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Act 4.

TIMON of ATHENS.

Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Woodman sculp.

M. KEMBLE in TIMON.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Oct. 11. 1806.

A. K. P. E. R. C.



TIMON of ATHENS.

*Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall
That girdlest in these waters*

Act 4.

Scene 2.

Woodman July 5.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o. 5 Catherine Street, Strand, Oct. 11. 1806.



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Book

Bell's Edition.

TIMON of ATHENS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.



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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed, from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage.

FARMER.

The play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, } *Lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }
APEMANTUS, *a Philosopher.*
ALCIBIADES.
FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*
FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }
CAPHS, }
VARRO, }
PHILO, } *Servants.*
TITUS. }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's Friends.*
CUPID and Maskers.
Strangers.



WOMEN.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant;
with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *Athens; and the Woods not far from it.*



TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A hall in TIMON's house. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several doors.

Poet.

Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller. 10

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

B

Mer.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as
were,

To an untirable and continueate goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't : For the lord Timon, sir

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,*

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint

Shews not, 'till it be struck ; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book
forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power



his eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
 moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
 he might interpret.

40

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,

stature's nature : artificial strife

lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more ?

50

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
 visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment : My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

60

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds
 As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :
 All those which were his fellows but of late
 (Some better than his value), on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top, 100
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mes. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait: 111
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him. 120

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
B iij And,

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour !

[Exit

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

139

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well ; what farther ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

140

Tim.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself,

It must not bear my daughter.

150

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To LUCIL.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

160

Tim. How shall she be endow'd

If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour; she is his.

170

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not ow'd to you! [Ex. LUCIL. and Old Ath.]

Poet.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand:
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves; thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians? 210

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for. 219

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the
law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem.

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's
she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

230

Tim. An thou should'st, thoud'st anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy
labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now,
poet?

240

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

250

Apem.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is wor-
thy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord
with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay,

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.— 260
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound
thee!

Trumpet's sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCEBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

273

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight. 282

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus ?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast ?

Apem. Ay ; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. 290

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus ?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make
thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 Lord.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, 301

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man. 310

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another apartment in TIMON'S house. Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS. Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the
gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

C

Doubled

Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They sit.*]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,
But yonder man is ever angry.—
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :
I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent. 350

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choak me, for I
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't ; the fellow, that 360
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals ;

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !

A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Timon, 370
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
 This, and my food are equals: there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S Grace.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath, or bond;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
 Or a keeper with my freedom;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't:
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

380

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

391

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 401

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you. 422

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the same conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance. 431

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table
rise; 440

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.

[*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

Musick.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday ! what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, 450

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's
not

Depraved, or depraves ? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to their graves, of their friends' gift ?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me : It has been done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon ;
and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
and all dance, men with women ; a lofty strain or two
to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ; 460

You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device ;

I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady.

1 *Lady*. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*. 470

Tim. Flavius.——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.——More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.

Else I should tell him—Well—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket*.]

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness. 480

2 *Lord*. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:——Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my
lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome. 490

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word ; it doth concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver. 499

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.——How now ? what news ?

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him ; and hath sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.——

510
Nor

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
 To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good :
 His promises fly so beyond his state,
 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
 For every word ; he is so kind, that he now
 Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
 Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
 Before I were forc'd out ?

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
 Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too
 much

Of your own merits :—Here, my lord ; a trifle of
 our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-
 ceive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
 Good words the other day of a bay courser
 I rode on : it is your's, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
 In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I know,
 no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect :
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;

I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

541

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd——

Tim. All to you.—Lights ! more lights.

550

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Ti-
mon!——

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords*, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !

I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

561

Apem. No, I'll nothing : for,

If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left

To rail upon thee ; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.

Thou

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories ?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell ; and come with better musick.

Apem. So ;——
Thou wilt not hear me now——thou shalt not then
I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public place in the city. Enter a Senator.

Senator.

AND late, five thousand to Varro ; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand ;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste ! It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses : No porter at his gate ;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
 Timon:

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when——
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 21
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit: I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger;
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear, 22
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

D

Caph.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.

TIMON's hall. Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! no senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter CAPHIS, with the servants of ISIDORE and
VARRO.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is:—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[They present their bills.]

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

60

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dues this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

70

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant my good lord,——

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.——

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:——

80

D ij

I do

I do beseech you, good my lords keep on ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, &c.]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray
you. [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagrecable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends : See them well enter-
tain'd. [Exit TIMON.]

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.]

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus ;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Isid. [To *Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

110

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

120

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee. Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No.

130

D iij

Apem.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly; and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

152

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime,

All. Sometime, like a lawyer ; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one : He is very often like a knight ; and generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from four-score to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 164

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside ; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 170

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman ; sometime the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near ; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Tim. You make me marvel : Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me ;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means ?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd. 180

Tim. Go to :
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself

Flav. O my good lord !

At many times I brought in my accounts,
 Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
 And say, you found them in mine honesty. 189
 When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
 Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold. 200

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:
 What shall defend the interim? and at length
 How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
 Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true. 210

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
 Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room

Hath

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
Have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

220

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

230

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts?

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,

240

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake

Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends,
Within there,—Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord
Lucius,——

To lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his
Honour to-day ;—You to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money : let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? hum !——

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators [To FLAVIUS]

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way),
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honour-
able,——

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something

something hath been amiss—a noble nature
may catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
and so, intending other serious matters,
after distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth, 280
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father : by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity 289
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents :—that had, give it these
fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it ; That thought
is bounty's foe ;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LUCULLUS'S house in Athens. FLAMINIUS waiting.
Enter a servant to him.

Servant.

I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming down
to you

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift,
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a
silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.
—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honour-
able, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens,
thy very bountiful good lord and master? 11

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir.
And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
honour to supply; who, having great and instant
occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present
assistance therein. 21

Lucul.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he ?
 alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would
 not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I
 ha' din'd with him, and told him on't ; and come
 again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend
 less : and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no
 warning by my coming. Every man has his fault,
 and honesty is his ; I ha' told him on't, but I could
 never get him from't. 30

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
 Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly
 prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that
 knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the
 time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in
 thee.—Get you gone sirrah. [*To the Servant, who
 goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy
 lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ;
 and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st
 to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially
 upon bare friendship, without security .Here's
 three solidares for thee ; good boy, wink at me, and
 say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well. 47

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much dif-
 fer ;

E

And

And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for
thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a feint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, 60
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A public street. Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are
but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing,
my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,
now

Now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past,
and his estate shrinks from him. 72

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How? 80

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents. 90

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord——

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much dear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius,

will

Will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; 130

And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's sport;

And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

Who can call him his friend,

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money 140

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me, 150

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS's house. Enter SEMPRONIUS, with a
 Servant of TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't ? Hum ! 'Bove
 all others ?

160

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal, for
 They have all deny'd him !

Sem. How ! have they deny'd him ?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him ?
 And does he send to me ? Three ? hum ! —

170

It shews but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-
 cians,
 Thrive, give him over : Must I take the cure upon
 me,

He

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er receiv'd gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No:

180

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now re-
turn,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him
clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul?
takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that,
under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms
on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead;

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employed

200

Now

Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit]

SCENE IV.

TIMON'S hall. Enter VARRO, TITUS, HORTENSIVS, LUCIUS, and other Servants of TIMON's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met; good-morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. And sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good-day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think
 the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money. 230

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can wit-
ness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, 240
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's
yours ?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the
sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir——

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 260

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up:
Let me pass quietly:
Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve. 270

Flav.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;
 or you serve knaves.

[Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor,

and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader

than he that has no house to put his head in?

Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
 some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, 280

To repair some other hour, I should

Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent;

His comfortable temper has forsook him;

He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if he be so far beyond his health,

Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

290

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my
 lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
 sage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be

Be my retentive enemy, my jail ?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart ?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Alas ! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours ?—and yours ?

Var. My lord—

Caph. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you !

[Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw
their caps at their money ; these debts may be well
call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves :

Creditors !—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so :—My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ?—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all ;
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ; 330
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Senate-House. Senators, and ALCIBIADES.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't ; the fault's
bloody ;

'Tis necessary he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em. 339

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
F For

For pity is the virtue of the law,
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
 It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
 Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
 Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
 To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,
 Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault);
 But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe :
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrel-
 ling

Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born :
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his
 wrongs

His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, care-
 lessly ;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

370

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,——

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.——

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats; sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats, 380
Without repugnancy? If their be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; 390

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most, just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service
vice,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Takes my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

430

3 *Sen.* What ?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace :
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

440

1 *Sen.* If, after two days shine, Athens contain
thee,

Attend our weightier judgment.

And not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently,

[*Exeunt Senate.*]

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,

450

Rich only in large hurts.—All those for this ?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

F iij

My

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[Exit

SCENE VI.

TIMON'S house. Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 Sen. The good time of day to you, sir. 460

2 Sen. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 471

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen.

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

480

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

489

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

499

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 Sen. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast
toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be
in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let
the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place:
Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thank-
fulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but
reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to
each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake
the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that
gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of
villains:*

Villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me, nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

542

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

550

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, — 560
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn,

Burn, house ; sink, Athens ! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity !

[Exit]

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords ?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury

3 *Sen.* Pish ! did you see my cap ?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you see my jewel ?

57

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap ?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens. Enter TIMON.

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;

Obedience

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filth
Convert o'the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives, 9
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take

Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low !
 Amen.

[Exit]

SCENE II.

TIMON'S house. Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three
 Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our
 master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you !
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !

So noble a master fallen ! All gone ! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,

With

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery, 60

4 That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Exit Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,

three The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
our Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes, 70
ou We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live

But in a dream of friendship ?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ? 80

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;

Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,

G

When

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit]

SCENE III.

The Woods. Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,

The

The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

110

[*Digging the earth.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
valiant.

Ha! you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

130

With senators on the bench; this is it,

G ij

That

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

159

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon:
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

170

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voic'd so regardfully?

180

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— 199
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble ?

I had rather be alone. 200

Alc. Why, fare thee well :

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest ;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Alc. Why me, Timon ? 209

Tim.

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek 219

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor bades,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding, 230

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee !

Phr.

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—²⁴⁵
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter: wear them, betray with them: whore
still;

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen, ²⁶⁰
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down

Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection,—There's more gold !—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you, 270
And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have
given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again,

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. 280

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats.* Exeunt ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems,

Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven, ²⁹⁸
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
 Go great with dragons, tigers, wolves, and bears ;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks ! ²⁹⁹
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate : Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung ³¹⁰
 From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
 This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;

Hug

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain, 320
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy-
self;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels, 331
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

340

Apem.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows); I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden : 38c
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee,
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! begone !——
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

39c

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*

H

Tim.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirl-wind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends; When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st

should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after
his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of,
didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

433

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women, nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What would'st thou do with the
world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

444

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would be-
guile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat
thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect
thee, when peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the
ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment
thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the
wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would
afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for
thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath
would confound thee, and make thine ownself the
conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst
be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst

H ij

be

be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee;—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away.

499

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world ; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

500

Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !

Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

H ij

Apem.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so ;—
But not 'till I am dead !—I'll say thou hast gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—I am quit.

[Exit *APEMANTUS*.]

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold ? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der : The mere want of gold, and the falling-from off
his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him ; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily ; If he covet-
ously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Thief.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis
hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He ; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

All.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs :

The oaks bear mast, the brier scarlet hips ;

The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ? why want ?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes. 551

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profest ; that you work not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold : Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,

'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays 560

More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen : I'll example you with thievery.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From

From general excrement: each thing's a thief; 579
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [Exit.]

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my pro-
 fession, by persuading me to it. 580

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he
 thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mys-
 tery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
 over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is
 no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The woods, and TIMON'S Cave. Enter FLAVIUS.

Flavius.

O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has
 Desperate want made!
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies: 10
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
 Forgot thee. 20

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
 then I love thee,
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flin

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav.

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least. 60

That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living : and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—thou singly honest man,

Here, take ;—the gods out of my misery 70

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :

But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men :

Hate all, curse all : shew charity to none ;

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing ; Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !

And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses, 81

Stay

Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

113

Re-enter TIMON from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

120

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: . . .
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

130

Tim.

I

Poet.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed !

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail ! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What ! to you !

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known :

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service

Tim.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ! 160

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men ! You have heard that I have gold ;

I am sure you have : speak truth : you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore, Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men :—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord. 170

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say ;—And, for thy fiction, [To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault :

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill. 180

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave, That mightily deceives you.

I ij

Both.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble.
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in
company,—

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves:

You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit. beating and driving them out.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself, 210
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may. 221

Flav. Here is his cave.——

Peace and content be here ! lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak,
and be hang'd !

For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

I iij

230

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

And now the public body—which doth seldom

Play the recanter—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram; 250

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.*

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take 260
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority;—so soon shall we drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
 Thus,—— 270

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then, let him know—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose, but tell him, that—I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care
 not, 280

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them;—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 321
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover, thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably 330
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,
And strain what other means are left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The walls of Athens. Enter two other Senators, with Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
files

As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends;—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the woods. Enter a Soldier, seeking
TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What
is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span :
Some beast read this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this
tomb ?

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax ; 360
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the walls of Athens. Trumpets sound. Enter
ALCIBIADES, *with his powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.
Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With

With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our traversed arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
 And pury insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear, 380
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom 390
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
 fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;

Shame,

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithed death
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food, 400
 Which nature loaths), take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended ;
 For those that were, it is not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges ; crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall 410
 With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly. 420

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers

K

Shall

Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove :

Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof, 43
Fall, and no more : and—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea : 44
And on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[ALCIBIADES reads the Epitaph.]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked catiffs
left !*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits

Though thou abhord'st in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

450

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On: Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach.——

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.







Act 3. ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA. Scene 3.



Burby del.

Thompson sculp.

M^{rs} POPE in the Character of CLEOPATRA.

Cleo — I have one thing more to ask him yet.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Aug³ 22nd 1786.



ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

I have given up my love.

Engraved by

F. Bartolozzi, sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand, Aug. 3^d 1786.



AN

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SAM

JOHN

B

Bell's Edition.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY

Will. Shakspeare:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

Bookseller to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1809.



Printed by D. Deans, Catherine-Street, Strand.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.*

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationer's Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Simon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623.

STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tunid speech in the play is that which *Cæsar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection, or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

M. ANTONY, }
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }
SEXTUS POMPEIUS, }
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }
VENTIDIUS, }
CANIDIUS, }
EROS, } *Friends of Antony.*
SCARUS, }
DERCETAS, }
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, }
MECÆNAS, }
AGRIPPA, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
DOLABELLA, }
PROCULEIUS, }
THYREUS, }
GALLUS, }
MENAS, }
MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS, }
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*
TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, }
MARDIAN, } *Servants to Cleopatra.*
SELEUCUS, }
DIOMEDES, }
A Soothsayer: A Clown.



WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS, }

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA'S *Palace at Alexandria.* Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look where they come ! 10

A jii

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—

Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The mes-

sengers.



Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind, 40
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch 50
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us. 60

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! 68
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Palace. Enter CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen?
O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
change his horns with garlands. 73

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. 81

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 90

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve. 100

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune,

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch. 110

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Irás her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Irás.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 120

Iras. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it? 130

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee! 140

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make
me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores,
but they'd do't. 150

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas? 160

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Excunt.*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

170

Mes.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mes. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase: and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a
one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break.

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

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Act I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

13

2 Mes. In Sicyon :

199

er length of sickness, with what else more serious
oporteth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a Letter.

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off ;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 210

My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women : We see

how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suf-

fer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

217

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women

be : It were a pity to cast them away for nothing ;

though, between them and a great cause, they should

be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the

least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her

die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do

think, there is mettle in death, which commits

some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity

in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of

B

nothing

nothing but the finest part of pure love : We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove. 23

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead. 24

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crown'd with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow. 25

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers have notice what we purpose : I shall break the cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone 26

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, 270
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breed-
 ing,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since. 280

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does :—

I did not send you ;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report

bj

That

That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[Exit ALB.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, for
bear ;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pain
pose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go ;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
saw the treasons planted.

310

Ant. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—

320

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,

Bliss in our brow's bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st
know,

There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands

330

Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemned Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge 341
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
 freedom,

It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :
 See, when, and where she died. 350

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice : By the fire,
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
 Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
 As thou affect'st. 360

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
 But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well :
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands
 An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee turn aside, and weep for her ;

Then

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene 370
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cleo. And, target—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best, Look, pr'ythee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

380

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it ;

That you know well : Something it is I would—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,

390

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;

Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Ere well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword

Get laurell'd victory ! and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet ?

Ant. Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides, and flies,

400

That

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

*CÆSAR'S Palace in Rome. Enter OCTAVIUS
CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor : From Alexandria
'This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly give audience,
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let us grant,
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;

To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes
him

As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must An-
tony

No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness, 430
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report 440
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth
love ;

Come dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain

and shew ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
assemble me immediate council : Pompey
lives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
both what by sea and land I can be able,
'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter, 490
is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord : What you shall know
mean time

'sirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir ; I knew it for my bond.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time, 500

Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet, have I scarce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! 52

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me!—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey 53
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail ?

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 540
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster : at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him. 551

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes
Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note
him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy : but between both : 560
O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;

c

So

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers;
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forgot to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so? 570

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days! 580
When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. POMPEY'S House. Enter POMPEY,
MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pompey.

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menas.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. 10

Pomp. I shall do well :

The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my arguing hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ; 20
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ; 30

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected ; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
 A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
 For such a petty war : his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them
 selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rome. Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, 61
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching. 70

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia: 80
Mark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
c i j A leaner

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard : When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are no
 so ;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say myself offended ; and with you
 Chieflly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your
 name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
 What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
 Might be to you in Ægypt : Yet, if you there
 Did practice on my state, your being in Ægypt
 Might be my question,

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and
brother,

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ; 120

And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with your's ;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but 130
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
Would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is your's ; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 140

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did

Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts 150
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with. 160

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ; 165
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may,

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken, 179

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
The instant, you may, when you hear no more words
Of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to
Trangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot. 190

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone,

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

Of the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*. 200

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their danger
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother

And ever love so dearly : Let her live 240
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Part off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
That my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :

Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 250
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Let, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of. 260

Cæs. With most gladness ;

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,

For lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆS. ANT. and LEP.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !
My honourable friend Agrippa !— 270

Agr.

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was as but a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart in the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my report Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 Well with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 310
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her: and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market place did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 'T would be better he became her guest; 320
 Which she entreated; our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street: 330
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them,
 Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some
 times
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
 Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir,—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my square : but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
 lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæs. and Octa.*

Ant.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish yourself in Ægypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you 361

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Lie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side: 370

Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not! but, near him, thy angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpow'd; therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit 380

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,

He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;

And, in our sports, my better cunning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:

D ij

His

His cocks do win the battle still of mine, 390
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

*The same; A Street. Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS
 and AGRIPPA.*

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you
 hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow. 400

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at mount
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,
 My purposes do draw me much about:
 You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. 408

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards : come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman :—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—420

Give me mine angle—We'll to the river : there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes : my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on your hook, which he

With fervency drew up. 430

Cleo. That time !—O times !—

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night

I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam——

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—

440

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ;
we use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

450

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony
Be free, and healthful—so tart a flavour
To trumpet such good tidings ! If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st
Yet, if you say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

460

Mes.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam—

470

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

440 The good precedence ; fye upon *but yet* :

: *But yet* is as a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'thee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together : He's friends with
Cæsar ;

In state of health thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

ark; Mes. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

480

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

450 Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ? Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]

akes; Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

k'st; Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
460 Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

490

Mes. Gracious madam,

that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And

Mes.

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

Mes. Nay, then I'll run :—

500

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself.
 The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
 bolt.—

Melt Ægypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him :—

These hands dō lack nobility, that they strike 510
 A meaner than myself ; since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
 If thou again say, Yes.

520

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married!

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married! 530

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me: Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Cæsar. 540

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the features of Octavia, her years,
Her inelination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian;
Though

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas 550

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, 560
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
Th

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And 569
 What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-
 dom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cas. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
 sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
 How much we do o'ercount thee. 581

Pomp. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
 But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
 Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
 (For this is from the present) how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embrac'd. 591

Cas. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Bid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targets undinted:

Omnes.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thank
to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ; 69
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hopeso, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and
let us

Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——

Eno. No more of that:—He did so. 640

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Your feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, 650

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
Nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent ENO. and MEN.*

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.— 660

You

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea. 67

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you. 68

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas

Men. Pray you, sir?

690

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I could not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a cold, cold, and still conversation.

700

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: when shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

Eno. I have a health for you.

710

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Misenum. On board POMPEY's Galley. Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants

E ij

plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink. 72

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, that it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENO BARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: They take the flow of the Nile 73

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. 74

Ant.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit—and some wine.—A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll
be'er-out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll
be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptole-*
mies' *Pyramises* are very goodly things: without
contradiction, I have heard that. 751

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
[*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for
Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as
broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is,
and moves with its own organs: it lives by that
which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of
it, it transmigrates. 762

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him,
else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang!
Tell me of that? away! 770

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me
Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt
mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To MENAS.*] Thou hast serv'd me with
much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus.

Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world? 780

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, 790
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these compe-
titors

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
'And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; 800
Mine

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown;
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis of-
fer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey. 810

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man? See'st not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would
it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 820

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not an Alëxandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs.

Cæs. Possess it,
I will make answer: but I had rather fast 830
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.— 839
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Musick plays. *ENO.* places them Hand in Hand

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us 'till the world go round;
Cup us 'till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good 840
night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part:
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Split

830 splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
ne. Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
Ant. night.—

Ant. Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand. 859

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what? we are friends : Come, down into the
boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

839 Menas, I'll not on shore.

k :—Men. No, to my cabin.—

sing. These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

to these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd,
Hand. sound out. [*Sound a Flourish, with Drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain ! Come! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

; A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Con-
quest ; with SILIUS and other Romans, and the
dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ventidius.

good. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now
830 Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
art : Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
shar. Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes !
que Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Splis. Sil.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony 10
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius !

I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
 Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
 More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour,
 Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
 tony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit, 40
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. CÆSAR'S House. Enter AGRIPPA at one Door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony! 50

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ;—Yet he loves

Antony :

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle

So—

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

[*Trumpets*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier! and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy aproof.—Most noble Antony, 70

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you

And

Act III.

And ma

We wi

Cæs.

The ele

Thy spi

Octa.

Ant.

And the

Octa.

Cæs.

Octa.

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Eno.

Agr.

Eno.

So is he

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Ant.

I'll wre

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia? 92

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down sea-
ther,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he, being a man. 101

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you. 110

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

r

Look,

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow? 129

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near. 130

Mes. Most gracious majesty—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome

I looked her in the face; and saw her led

Between

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low? 140

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her
long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather. 150

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet;—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow. 160

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or
round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

F ij

Cleo.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour

Mes. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :— 170
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long ! 180

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian :

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

ANTONY'S House at Athens. Enter ANTONY, and
OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd

New

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear: 190

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock
me presently 200

When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours, 209
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord,
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt your twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
F iij Turn

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults 221
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.

The same. Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
 Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success? 230

Eros. Cæsar having made use of him in the wars
 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;
 would not let him partake in the glory of the action;
 and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had
 formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,
 seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death en-
 large his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps,
 no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the other. Where is Antony? 240

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and
 spurns

The rush that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
 And threatens the throat of that his officer,
 That murder'd Pompey.

Eno.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

250

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. CÆSAR'S House. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA,
and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of it—

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat

Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;

And all the unlawful issue, that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her

Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,

Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common-shew-place, where they ex-
ercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,

He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She

In

In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so

271

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
quer'd,

290

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa.

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus! You come not

like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony 300

Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,

Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you 310

By sea, and land; supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd

His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. 320

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him;

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying

The

The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
 King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
 The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
 That do afflict each other! 340

Cæs. Welcome hither:
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
 'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers 350
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us. 360

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

370

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

We should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,

That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,

380

Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,

That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could not quickly cut the Ionian sea, 390
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea? What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. 400

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these officers
Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd :
Your mariners and muletteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 410
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, 420
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius, 431
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our
ship ;

Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Ægypt-
tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

440

Ant.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANT. CLEO. and ENO.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief. 451

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and
throws forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

*The same. A Plain. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS,
Officers, &c.*

Cæs. Taurus.— 461

Taur. My lord.

Cæs.

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight—
 When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder—
 The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

489

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
 I never saw an action of such shame ;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 500
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good
 night

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there will I attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render 510
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
 Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter ANTONY,
with EROS, and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, 520
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone:

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them 530
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

G iij

Leave

Leave me, I pray, a little ; pray you now :—
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by. 540

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN,
 and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no !

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye !

Char. Madam——

Irás. Madam ; O good empress !——

Eros. Sir, sir——

550

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept
 His sword even like a dancer ; while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,
 That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen !

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
 He is unquality'd with very shame. 560

Cleo. Well then—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen ap-
 proaches ;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
 A most unnoble swerving.

Eros.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind 570
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. 580

Cleo. O my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marrying fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon. 590

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rate
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE X.

*CÆSAR'S Camp, in Ægypt. Enter CÆSAR, DO-
LABELLA, THYREUS, with others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither 600
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted, 611
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen 620
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,

Or

Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : Women are not, 630
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thy-
reus ;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE XI.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA,
ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus? 640

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted

Frighted each other ; why should he follow ?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less 650
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, 660
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again ; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should
 note

Something particular : his coins, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i'the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart, 670
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone : I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
 Against

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too. 681

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[Aside.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer, 690
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

700

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrain'd blemishes,
Not as deserv'd. 710

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that.

[*Aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Eno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff 721
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal laudlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation 729
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can.
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, 740
 Bestow'd his lips upon that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now
 gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd
 ho! 750

Like boys unto a muss, kings would not start forth,
 And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
 taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her
 name,

H

Since

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows, 760
 'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy; Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
 Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
 Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
 Forborne the getting an unlawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd 770
 By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good, my lord—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we trust
 To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon 780
 Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
 My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal, 790
 And plighter of high hearts!—O that I were

Upon

Upon the hill of Basan to out-roar
 The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
 And, to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent 800
 Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence-
 forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him : for he seems
 Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't : 810
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*

Cleo. Have you done yet ? 820

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon

is ij

Is

Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone 830
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarian smite !
'Till by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless : 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land 840
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
Have kni't again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
lady ?

If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle—
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously : for when nine hours 850
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,

And

And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :
I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well. 860

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain 870

Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Caesar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR,
reading a Letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, &c.*

Caesar.

He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To

To beat me out of Ægypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger 10
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Palace at Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, and
CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No. 20

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night 30

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you have
serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks,
which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in 40
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean? 2

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night; 50
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

A man.

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay 'till death:
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't?

Eno. What mean you, sir, 60
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
 Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! my hearty
 friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
 For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you, 70
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Palace. Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
 day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news?

2 Sold.

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night
to you

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch. 80

1 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every corner
of the Stage.*

2 Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.*

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth. 90

4 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Ay? Is't not strange? 100

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA'S Palace. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with CHARMIAN, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come! mine armour! Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false! this, this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; well
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight. 130

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general !

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me : 140

This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, [*Kisses her.*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. Officers, &c.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight ! 149

Then, Antony—But now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Near Alexandria. Trumpets Sound. Enter AN-
TONY, and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant.

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus, 160
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him 171
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with
ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our

Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit* AGRIPPA.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near: 180
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, &c.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade 190
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for his pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger 200
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer

1

Out

Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony, 210
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought ; but thought will do't,
I feel.

I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

*Before the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Drums
and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression 220
Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more. 230

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and, ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter
ANTONY again in a March. SCARUS, with
others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : Run one
before, 240

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shewn all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears,
Wash the congealments from your wounds, and kiss
The

The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA.

To this great fairy, I'll commend thy acts, 251
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
'Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey 260

Do something mingle with our younger brown: yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled 270
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
'Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which

Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingling with our rattling tabourines ;
 That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds to-
 gether, 280
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt

SCENE IX.

CESAR'S Camp. Enter a Centinel, and his Com-
 pany. ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard : The night
 Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O bear me witness, night !—

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon !
 When men revolted shall upon record 291
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me ; Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ; 300
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar. 310

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.—

[Drums afar off.

Hark how the drums demurely wake the sleepers;
 Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
 Of note: our hour is fully out. 320

2 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day at sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord,

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
 We'd

We'd fight there too. But this it is : Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven, 330
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall ; for this best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built 340
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say they know not—they cannot tell ;—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*]

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter
ANTONY.*

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe : and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together 350
Like

Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.
 O sun ! thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this :—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets 360
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Ægypt ! this grave charm—
 Whose eye beck'd forth all my wars, and call'd them
 home :

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
 Like a right gypsey, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros ! 368

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives to dolts ; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[*Exit CLEOPATRA.*

If

If it be well to live : But better 'twere,
 Thou fell'st into my fury ; for one death 380
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !——
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon ;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die !
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
 fall
 Under this plot : she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

CLEOPATRA'S Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd. 391

Char. To the monument ;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are
 dead.

The soul and body rive not more at parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument :—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence, Mardian ;
 And bring me how he takes my death.—To the
 monument. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The same. Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me? 401

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. 410

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't 420
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortune mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ; 430
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she hath discharg'd : What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ? 440

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep : That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go,—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier ;—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 451
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops, 460
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come (which now 470
Is come indeed), when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come;
Thou strik'st not me; 'Tis Cæsar thou defeat'st,
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? 480

Ant. *Eros,*

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country. 491

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn. 500

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor ! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then :—Thus do I escape the
sorrow [EROS kills himself.

Of Antony's death. [Dies. 511

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros ! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record : But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then ; and, Eros,

K

Thy

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead! not dead!—

The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me. 520

Enter DERCETAS, and Guards.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I. 529

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee. 530

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, 550
I dread too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,
I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Wo, wo, are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate 560

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE XIII.

A Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; or size of sorrow, 570
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!

Antony! Antony!

Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither. 581

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but wo 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until

Of

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

590

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, pardon ; I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony—
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

601

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs
my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come !—

[*They draw ANTONY up to CLEOPATRA.*

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

611

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O !—

K iij

Cleo.

Cleo. They do not go together.

620

Ant. Gentle, hear me :—

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,

Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to 630

My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;

I can no more—

[ANTONY dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide

In the dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,

The crown o'the earth doth melt :—My lord!—

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys and girls

Are level now with men : the odds is gone, 641

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

[She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !—

Char. O madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Ægypt ! empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

650

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman ; and com-
manded

By

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is sottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Char-
mian ? 661

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take
heart :—

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end. 669

[*Exeunt, bearing off ANTONY'S Body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DO-
LABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS,
and Train.

Cæsar.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life 10

To spend upon his haters: If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,

I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay 21
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a publick minister of justice,

Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood. 30

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods ! will give us 40
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies, I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament.
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, 50
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends—
But I will tell you at some meet season ;—

Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ? 60

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet : The queen my
mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

Of

Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle. 70

Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her. 79

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*

All. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings ; Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make 91
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands 100
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: If he please 110
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who

Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need: Let me report to him
 Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
 A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, 120
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
 Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
 Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
 Of him that caus'd it. 129

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
 [*Here GALLUS and Guard ascend the
 Monument, and enter behind.*]

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*]

PROCULEIUS rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
 Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
 languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
 Do not abuse our master's bounty, by 140
 The undoing of yourself: let the world see
 His nobleness well acted, which your death
 Will never let come forth.

Cleo.

Cleo. Where art thou death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady?

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
Idle talk will once be necessary, 149

I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

And shew me to the shouting variety

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramids my gibbet, 160

And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculcius,

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,

And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,

I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her.— 170

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Dol.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. 180

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd 190
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element he liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra— 200

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
man

As

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam: 210

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir—

Dol. Though he be honourable— 220

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know it.

All. Make way there—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Where is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey. 230

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sire o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Hath often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know, 249
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change : but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world ; 'tis yours ;
and we 250
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please, Here my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasure ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus. 260

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold

How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ; And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 271

Even make me wild : O slave of no more trust Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings : Slave, soul-less villain, dog ! O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ; That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness 280

To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady-trifles had reserv'd, Immoment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal ; and say, Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia, and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation ; must I be unfolded 289

With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me Beneath the fall I have. Pry'thee, go hence ; [*To SEL.*

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man, Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, 300

Not what you have reserv'd nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so, adieu. 310

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæs. and Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

Ant. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. 320

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise. 330

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded, 340
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore. 350

Iras. O the good gods.

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll ne'er see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian,—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed: 361
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play 'till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing 370
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be
the

the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover. 381

Cleo. Remembers't thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lye; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt— Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm. 391

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm. 400

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. 411

Clown.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras: quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 420
To excuse their^e after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Applying the Asp.*

Have I the aspect in my lips? Dost fall? [*To IRAS.*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 431
It is not worth leave-taking. [*IRAS dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain; that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have—Come thou mortal
wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic

[*To the Asp.*

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

440

Be

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:— 450

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What, should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this wide world?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phæbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

460

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[*CHARMIAN applies the Asp.*

O, come; apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! Alf's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here;—Charmian, is this
well done;

Char. It is well done, and sitting for a princess
Descended

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[CHARMIAN *dies*.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

470

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
'Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
'Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

481

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

• 490

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail ; and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such, as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile. 501

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them : and their story is 510
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. 515

[*Excunt omnes.*

THE END.



